OFFICIAL SCRIPT

AXEL: Come in close.

Closer.

(CARDS SHUFFLED BETWEEN HANDS)

Because the more you think you see, the easier it'll be to fool you.

(CARDS SLAP AGAINST EACH OTHER)

Because what is seeing?

You're looking, but what you're really doing is filtering,

interpreting, searching for meaning.

My job?

To take that most precious of gifts you give me, your attention, and use it against you.

CHICAGO MONDAY

AXEL: I'm going to flip through this deck. And I want you to see one card. Not this one. That's too obvious. Pay close attention. That was too fast. I'll do it again. Are you ready?

WOMAN: - Mm-hmm.

AXEL: Okay. Now did you see one?

WOMAN: - Yes.

AXEL: Do you have one in mind?

WOMAN: - Yes.

AXEL: Now, do you see your card here?

WOMAN: No.

AXEL: That's because you're looking too closely. And what have I been telling you all night? The closer you look...

ALL CROWD: The less you see.

(CARDS FLUTTERING WHILE THROWN SKY HIGH)

(CROWD GASPING AS MYSTERY FIGURE IN HOODIE SPIES THE PYRO SILENTLY)

(DIAMOND 8 APPEARS ON ONE OF TOWERS)

(ALL CHEERING)

NEW ORLEANS TUESDAY

DEMYX: Now look into my eyes. And sleep. Okay.

(MAN SIGHING)

DEMYX: And... If you can get this bill from me, you can have it. Go ahead. Take it. Get it. If you can say your name, you can have it.

(MAN GRUNTS)

(BOTH LAUGHING)

DEMYX: All right, just hang out there, wriggle a sec. I'm gonna take a little peek under the hood of your hubby's brain.

MAN: Oh, no, no, no.

DEMYX: I'm picturing...

MAN: Don't tell me. Um...

DEMYX: Of course. Beach. Cocktails. (SNAPS FINGERS) Florida?

MAN: Look, it was a business trip.

DEMYX: I mean, it is a kind of business. Maybe the oldest business.

MAN: You know what, Honey Bee, let's...

DEMYX: She can't move, Mack. You're thinking of a woman's name. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J... J? Jean. Jane. Janet. Who's Janet?

MAN: (CLEARS THROAT SOFTLY)

DEMYX: You know Janet?

(LADY HUMS IN AGREEMENT)

DEMYX: It's not your best friend, is it?

(MAN MUMBLING)

DEMYX: Your sister?

MAN: - No, please.

DEMYX: Her sister? Oh, my God. You weren't away on business. You were away on Janet.

MAN:- No. (LADY MUFFLES IN ANGER)

DEM: Your wife's sister!

(LADY PUNCHES DEMYX ON THE SIDE BUT FAILS)

DEMYX: Okay, we need to move over here, because it seems like she's a little bit upset right now. You want this to go away?

MAN: - Yes.

DEMYX: - Okay, pull out your wallet. Come on, get it out.

MAN: Do you shake down everybody like this?

DEMYX: No, only the special few.

MAN: What is this? Two hundred seem fair?

DEMYX: You know what? This is a big deal. Let's go $250.

MAN: -You're a stick-up artist.

DEMYX: Yeah. Of course. Okay, and sleep!

(SNAPS FINGERS MAKING MAN FALL AGAINST HIS SHOCKED WIFE BRIMMING WITH SILENT ANGER)

DEMYX: Now, when I snap my fingers, you won't remember any of this.

(TURNS TOWARDS LADY)

And you, Warren Beatty, every time you see or even think of Janet, you're gonna picture me (SLAPS MAN'S FOREHEAD) naked.

And that's not a pretty sight.

MAN: Yeah.

And... You're wide awake!

(SNAPS FINGER MAKING LADY SNAP INTO REALITY)

(THUNDER RUMBLES AS THE SAME GREY HOODED FIGURE SPIES ON THE MELODIUS NOCTURNE)

DEMYX: Well, we did the best we could, but some people just aren't to be hypnotized.

LADY: Oh. I did it wrong?

DEMYX: Come on, Honey Bee.

MAN: - Oh, no, you did it fine. Let me buy you dinner.

DEMYX: Look after her. Just have to hit an ATM first.

NEW YORK WEDNSDAY

ROXAS: Ladies and gentlemen, I am the next great magician, and I will give $100 to anyone who can tell me how this trick is done. I have an ordinary spoon from Mel's Deli, right here in Brooklyn. Check it out.

(SHOWS SPOON TO EVERYONE)

ROXAS: Now, everyone please pay very, very close

attention. Because I'm about to bend this spoon with my mind.

(CROWD GASPS AS THEY DISSIPOINTINGLY GIVE HIM MONEY)

ROXAS: Thank you. Thank you. Pass that around.

MAN: What's this?

ROXAS: What are you doing, man?

LADY: Look at this!

MAN: Looks like we got a spoon and a stem.

(ALL GROANING)

ROXAS: - I've got other tricks.

GUY: Or you could give me my 100 bucks. You said you would.

MAN: Nice wallet.

ROXAS: You have a very good eye, sir. Thanks.

(ROXAS LEAVES NONCHANTLEY AS HE SHOULDER BUMPS INTO THE HOODED FIGURE- LEAVING MAN TO PAT HIS POCKETS)

MAN: Wallet. My wallet. My watch!

(ROXAS DASHES OFF THE BOAT)

MAN: *URGENTLY POINTS* Stop that guy! Stop that guy in the leatherjacket! He's got my wallet!

LOS ANGELES THURSDAY

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

XION: Whoo! Okay, Los Angeles, are we ready to end this thing?

CROWD: Yeah!

XION: When that timer hits zero, a tank full of flesh-eating piranhas will fall from above. A lady has to have handcuffs. Right, girls?

CROWD: One, two, three!

(RIPS OFF DRESS REVEALING A SPARKLING SILVER DRESS, LEGS AND ARMS SHOWN ONLY.)

(CHEERING)

(BUZZER SOUNDING)

XION: Yeah!

(PLATFORM DROPS HER DOWN INTO THE TANK WITH A SPLASH AS XION HOLDS HER BREATH AND BEGINS TO UNLOCK THE CHAINS FROM HER ANKLES, ONE BREATH

GOT HER SCREAMING IN BUBBLES AS SHE POUNDS THE GLASS IN URGENCY)

GUY: Help! Stop it!

MAN: She's serious! She can't get out!

(XION CONTINUES TO SCREAM)

LADY: Go get some help!

GUY: Help, dude!

GUY WITH WOODEN POLE: Get out of the way! Move! Move!

(GRUNTS WHILE SLAPPING THE POLE AGAINST THE TANK BUT TO NO AVAIL IT BROKE THE GLASS)

(GASPING)

(THE BUZZER SOUNDS AS HEAPS OF ENDLESS PIRHANNAS POUR INTO THE TANK AS XION SCREAMS IN AGONY WHILE THE WATER TURNS RED)

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

(XION APPEARS INFRONT OF THE PLATFORM AT THAT LEADS TO THE OPENING OF THE TANK)

XION: Come on! This is bullshit! Whoever thought of this is a sick sadist!

(LAUGHS)

(ALL CHEERING)

XION: Yes!

(APARTMENT DOOR BARGES OPEN AS A GIRL DRAGS AXEL FORWARD UNTIL THEY BOTH FALL OVER ON THE COUCH)

GIRL: I am your biggest fan.

AXEL: I could tell by the way you're attacking my face right now. Close the door. Bad apartment building.

GIRL: - Magician, come here.

AXEL Okay. Whoa!

GIRL: Wait, wait.

AXEL: What? What?

GIRL: How did you do that...

AXEL: The seven of diamonds on the side of the tower?

- Yes.

AXEL: - That's a trade secret.

- Uh-uh.

(SIGHS)

AXEL: I'll give you a hint. It involved, uh, bribing the tower electrician.

- How much?

- Uh, 50 bucks.

- But it's so hard.

- Oh, thank you.

GIRL: Is it always a seven?

AXEL: I could do that trick 52 different ways.

GIRL: Can you do 52 different tricks on me?

AXEL: I'll see what I can do.

GIRL: Ooh! Magic man! Ah! I love your shampoo.

(MOANING)

(AXEL NOTICES TAROT CARD ON NIGHTSTAND)

AXEL: Whoa! Hold up.

GIRL: What? (YELPS AS SHE FALLS ONTO THE GROUND)

AXEL: You need to leave.

GIRL: Are you kidding me? Oh, my God, this is so embarrassing. Is this what you do? Some kind of sick trick you do to women?

AXEL: (READS CARD SLOWLY) "45 East Evan Street." Don't worry about it. I'll call you.

GIRL: You don't have my number.

AXEL: I'm magic. I'll find it. Have a good night.

GIRL: Oh, you are such an asshole.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(ROXAS STANDS BY BEACH; THROWS WALLET INTO ROLLING WAVES; NOTICES TAROT CARD IN JACKET POCKET)

(DEMYX FINDS TAROT CARD ON TABLE WHILE PICKING UP RODS)

(XION WALKS BY PIRHANNA TANK; NOTICES TAROT CARD SLOWLY SPINNING IN TANK)

(CAMERA ZOOMS INTO THE EYE OF HORUS)

(NEW YORK SKYLINE; XION WALKS ON CROSS INTERSECTION WHEN A TAXI ROLLS TO A STOP BESIDE HER; DOOR OPENING TO REVEAL AXEL.)

(CHUCKLES)

AXEL: Hey! Xion.

XION: Axel? Hey.

AXEL: Ah. You got a card, huh?

XION: Mm-hmm.

AXEL: No, no, no, it's good for you. Congratulations. All right, so here's what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna go inside. I'm gonna scope the place out. You wait out here. I will come back and get you, okay? Do not come in.

XION: Hey, Axel! I'm not your assistant anymore. Nice hair.

(TWO CLIMB STEPS TOWARDS ROOM)

AXEL: So, um, actually, what have you been up to?

XION: I think you know exactly what I've been up to, Axel. I saw all your anonymous posting on my website.

AXEL: You have a website. That's good. Good for you. Get the word out.

(BOTH HALT IN SURPRISE)

XION: Oh.

AXEL: Uh...

DEMYX: Okay. So apparently none of us was the only one chosen. Let me be the first one to kick my ego to the curb.

AXEL: Yeah. Excuse me.

DEMYX: Door's locked.

AXEL: Is it? I'll check.

DEMYX: You. Now, hold it, don't tell me. Uh... Xioni? No, no. Xion.

AXEL: It's on your coffee cup.

DEMYX: Thanks for keeping me honest. That wasn't mentalism, by the way. It was just an observation. Second observation, you are beautiful.

XION: Thank you.

AXEL: That's good. That's very nice. Very well-polished. Nice bit. Uh, Axel Hayes. Nice to meet you. Very nice. I know who you are and I just want to say that I'm not interested in you doing your mentalism thing on us. Especially when we don't know who brought us here or even if it's real.

DEMYX: Shh! Hold on, I'm sensing... I'm sensing you are a control freak?

AXEL: I'm sorry, have we met before?

XION: It doesn't take a mentalist to figure that out. You are a control freak.

AXEL: Well, I take that as a compliment.

XION: Only he would take it as a compliment.

AXEL: Okay, great. Good. Another compliment.

DEMYX: Okay. So that's why you're no longer a couple.

AXEL: couple? No, no.

BOTH: We were never a couple.

XION: He used to saw me in half.

AXEL: She was a very good assistant.

XION: But I was too fat for Axel.

AXEL: No. I said that one time because of the trap door. There were specs.

XION: You built it this size. No one could fit through there. No one.

AXEL: Rebecca fit through.

XION: Ah...

AXEL: Rebecca fit for years.

XION: Do you know how hard it is to stay in those tiny little costumes?

AXEL: Uh, No. I'm the main attraction.

DEMYX: Okay. So he never made you feel special. And, trust me, you deserve to be made to feel special.

AXEL: That's a really nice story. Hope you guys enjoy each other's company.

(ROXAS APPEARS AT THE TOP OF STAIRS AS HE WALKS OVER IN AWE)

ROXAS: No way. Axel Hayes? Dude, I've seen everything that you have ever done. You're like... I idolize you. Seriously.

AXEL: From a true fan. It's so nice to meet you.

ROXAS: I'm Roxas Hendericks, by the way.

DEMYX: Question. Did you get one of these?

ROXAS: Yeah. Death.

XION: The High Priestess.

AXEL: I'm the Lover.

XION: (COUGHS) Three minutes.

DEMYX: Hermit.

ROXAS: So, what are we... Are we waiting for someone? - Why are we just...

BOTH: The door's locked.

ROXAS: Oh, no, nothing's ever locked.

DEMYX: Hmm.

(ROXAS SLIDES PIN INTO KEYHOLE; UNLOCKING DOOR; GREETING THEM WITH DUSTY COUGHS)

XION: What is this place? - Ugh!

DEMYX: - Oh! Wow. Thought my apartment was nasty.

ROXAS: Man, it's freezing in here.

XION: What's that?

AXEL: I don't know.

DEMYX: What's it say?

AXEL: "Now you don't."

XION: "A rose by any other name..."

(XION DROPS ROSE INTO GLASS VASE)

(AXEL LAUGHS)

(ICE COLD WATER FROM VASE BEGINS TO SLITHER OVER THE FLOOR- SPREADING OUT TOWARDS THE HEART SHAPED SYMBOL WITH FOUR LINES ENGRAVED INTO FLOOR)

ROXAS: Guys, what's happening?

DEMYX: Whoa. Look at that.

AXEL: Whoa.

(WATER EVAPOTRATES INTO ANGRY STEAM OF DRY ICE)

ROXAS: It's gas!

DEMYX: Relax. Just dry ice.

ROXAS: Cool.

AXEL: Wait. What do you think this is all about?

DEMYX: Hang on. Hang on. (MOANS) I got nothin'.

AXEL: Okay. Thank you. Thank you for the delay.

DEMYX: I'm just trying to create the space for wisdom.

AXEL: Okay, so you're like Buddha, if he wasn't so enlightened.

DEMYX: And you're like Jesus, if he was arrogant and all of his miracles were fake.

XION: Okay, lovebirds, get a room. Axel, be honest. Did you do this?

AXEL: No. Wait, did you?

ROXAS: I wish.

DEMYX: Why didn't anyone ask me if I did it? (FLICKS

SWITCH) Oh, great.

(STRANGE HUM FROM DOOREYE)

ROXAS: Electricity is out.

DEMYX: Well, let's check. (TWEAKS LIGHTBULB)

(BLUE HALOGEN PROJECTIONS BURST FROM THE DOOREYES; CREATING SOME SORT OF HOLOGRAPHICAL BLUEPRINTS)

DEMYX: Whoa.

(XION LAUGHS)

XION: Blueprints.

AXEL: They're incredible.

ROXAS: Who do you think did this?

XION: I don't know, but I really want to meet them. It's a show.

AXEL: Wow.

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(ZEDD- CODEC STARTS PLAYING)

ANNOUNCER: Demyx Welles, Axel Hayes, Xion Reeves, Roxas Hendricks. Luxord TressLer and the MGM Grand proudly presents The Four Nobodies!

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

DEMYX: Thank you. Tonight we would like to try something that will, well, set us a bit apart.

XION: For our final trick, we're gonna do something never before seen on a Las Vegas stage.

ROXAS: Or any stage for that matter.

AXEL: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we are going to rob a bank.

(AUDIENCE CHEERING LOUDLY)

AXEL: That's a lot of excitement for a crime.

XION: I'm getting excited. What about you, people?

(CHEERING INTENSIFIES)

BOTH DEMYX AND ROXAS RUN TOWARDS EACH OTHER AND JUMP HIGH FIVE: One, two, three!

STAFF GUY: Sorry, sir. There's absolutely no recording allowed during the performance.

ZEXION: Oh, yeah, yeah, sure, of course.

(BEEPS)

ZEXY: - Let me just put this away.

STAFF GUY: Actually, I need to take that. After the show, I

can come and give it back to you.

ZEXION: Okay.

(CHUCKLING)

AXEL: Okay, okay. Now, please, please, settle down. Now who here has a bank they would like us to rob?

XION: Whoo!

AXEL: That's a lot of people with a vendetta. So we'll choose one at random then.

(CLAMORING)

AXEL: My associates will make sure it's random. Right?

AXEL: In Roxas's bowl are ping pong balls with section numbers. Roxas, could you hand me a section number?

(BOUNCES PING PONG BALL ACROSS STAGE)

AXEL: Thank you. We are looking at Section B. *LOOKS AROUND* Where is Section B?

(CHEERING)

AXEL: Okay. There. It's gonna be one of you guys. Get ready. I don't know why everybody's happy. It's only them. Demyx, can I get a row, please?

(BOUNCES PING PONG BALL ACROSS STAGE)

AXEL: Thank you, Demyx. We are looking at row number 5. Where is that? And Xion, could I please have a random seat number?

(BOUNCES PING PONG BALL ACROSS STAGE)

AXEL: Oh. Lucky number 13. B-5-13. Where are you?

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

AXEL: Sir, please, stand up. Ah, there you are. Hi. Could you just confirm for me that this is, in fact, your seat? B-5-13.

XIGBAR: Yes.

AXEL: Okay. Wonderful. Now, could you please tell us your name and the name of your bank?

XIGBAR: Well, my name is Xigbar Castillo. And my bank, it's Credit Republicain de Paris.

AXEL: French. Okay. Uh... We were hoping for something a little more local, a kind of mom-and-pop credit union with no security. But that's fine. A promise is a promise. Could you please come up to the stage - and we'll rob your bank.

(CHEERING)

AXEL: And while he does that... There is someone here tonight without whom we would just be four magicians

working the circuit, trying to get... Well, actually, trying to get here. You probably know this man, if not from one of the many, many companies he puts his name on. He is our friend. He is our benefactor. Mr. Luxord Tressier. Please, stand up, Lux. Please, stand up.

DEMYX: The only man here with the Queen's cell phone number.

AXEL: Actually, please, stay standing, Lux. I want to say that when we came to Mr. Tressier, we promised that, as a unit, we could become the biggest name in magic.

XION: So we wanted to say, "Thank you." And by the way, Lux, you notice on the sign out front, we made sure we put your name on top.

LUXORD: If you turn out to be as good as you think you are, dear girl, that won't be necessary much longer.

XION: We haven't done our closer yet.

(DEMYX GRUNTS WHILE SHAKING HANDS WITH LUX)

XION: - Why don't you watch it and then you can decide for yourself. Ladies and gentlemen, Luxord Tressier!

AXEL: Thank you. And, of course, once again, the Cardinal of Clairvoyance, Demyx Welles.

DEMYX: Xigbar, what Roxas is bringing to the stage now, is

what we in the magic world call a teleportation helmet. You will need to wear this, as it will allow you to literally fold through space and time to your bank in the... 8th?

XIGBAR: 9th arrondissement.

DEMYX: Yeah. Now, once you are there, we will be able to speak with you through this helmet.

(PLACES HELMET ON XIGGY'S HEAD)

DEMYX: Now if... Ah!

XIGBAR: Ow.

DEMYX: Oh, my God, that's beautiful.

(AUDIENCE CHUCKLING)

DEMYX: It has the added attraction of being very stylish. It's about time the French learned from Ame:rica on that subject.

(ZEXION WATCHES WITH AN INTERESTED NOD FROM THE CROWD)

DEMYX: Is that a beautiful piece of headgear?

XIGBAR: Thank you. Thank you...

DEMYX: It is.

XIGBAR: Thank you. Thank you very much.

DEMYX: Mais oui. Mais oui.

AXEL: But before you go anywhere, could you please, pick a card, any card.

(XIGBAR PICKS ONE BUT FLINCHES BACK)

AXEL: Not that card. Oh! -No, that's an old American joke. You can take that one.

XIGBAR: Okay. This one?

AXEL: Show it to your friends in Section B. But not to us.

(XIGBAR HOLDS OUT THE CARD FOR EVERYONE TO SEE)

AXEL: Okay, great. Now if you could just sign your name there.

XIGBAR: Yes.

AXEL: In English, if possible.

DEMYX: That's good.

AXEL: Thanks. Put it in your pocket.

XION: And now for one tiny detail.

(AUDIENCE GASPING)

(COCKAMINE CONTRAPTION APPEARS ON A PLATFORM THAT RISES ON STAGE; XION AND ROXAS PULL THE COVERS REVEALING THE CONTRAPTION.)

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

DEMYX: Now, Xigbar, let's step into this cockamamie contraption. And I'll step off of it. Bonne chance. It's 11:50 p.m. here in Vegas.

(ROXAS AND AXEL PULL DOWN THE WHITE CURTAIN ON XIG)

DEMYX: That's 8:50 a.m. in Paris. Your bank opens in less than 10 minutes.

(MACHINE WHIRS; LIGHTS ON FLOOR FADE-ROTATE AROUND THE CONTRAPTION)

DEMYX: One,

AXEL: two...

XION: Three.

(DEMYX DETAINS THE BUTTON CAUSING THE TOP AND BOTTOM PLATFORMS TO SQUISH XIGBAR INTO SPACE AND TIME)

(ALL GASPING)

DEMYX: What the fuck?

AXEL: - Whoa. Xigbar?

DEMYX: It wasn't supposed to happen like that, was it?

XION: Xigbar?

DEMYX: I liked that little French guy. Where did he go?

(CROSS SECTION VIEW OF PARIS; CARS HONKING; XIGBAR APPEARS IN A WHITE VAULT; SLOWLY WALKS OVER)

AXEL: Wait, there he is.

(CROWD CLAPS TOWARDS JUMBOTRON)

AXEL: (SHUSHING THE CROWD) No, no, no, no, please, please, please. This is Axel Hayes. Can you hear me? Xiggy? Are you okay?

XIGBAR: Yes.

AXEL: Perfect. What do you see in there?

XIGBAR: Money. (FEELS THE CURRENCY WITH HIS FINGERS) Is this real?

AXEL: Yes. Looks like three million or so Euros' worth.

(XIGBAR MUTTERS SOMETHING IN FRENCH IN AWE)

AXEL: Okay, now, here's what we're gonna need you to do. I want you to take the card that you signed out of your pocket.

(XIGBAR TAKES OUT CARD)

AXEL: And I want you to take the ticket stub from tonight's

show and I want you to put it right there in the middle of the money.

(XIG HOVERS THE TWO ITEMS OVER THE NARROW GAP)

AXEL: Now drop it.

(A BANKER LADY ARRIVES TO UNLOCK THE DOORS TO THE BUILDING, HEADING OVER HER WAY TO THE SAFE)

AXEL: Now, on the side of your helmet you should feel a button. Don't press it just yet. That button activates an air duct that connects Paris to Las Vegas. Okay, good. Now you can press it.

(A BEEP IS HEARD FROM THE HELMET)

AXEL: All right, now, Xigbar, hold on tight. You might feel a bit of a vacuum.

DEMYX: (CHUCKLES)

(MONEY STARTS TO FLUTTER SKYWARDS TOWARDS THE VENTS)

(AIR WHOOSHING)

Xigbar: Whoo! (LAUGHING)

AXEL: Oh. Wait a second.

(LADY UNLOCKS THE WHEEL TO THE SAFE ROOM)

AXEL: Huh.

(RUMBLING)

WOMAN: Oh, merde. (FACE PALES AT THE SIGHT OF A SIGNED PLAYING CARD AND TICKET)

(CROWD CHEERS AS MONEY RAINS DOWN ON THEM)

ROXAS: (CHUCKLES)

DEMYX: (LAUGHING)

AXEL: Thank you, Xigbar. Thank you, everyone!

ALL 4 NOBODIES: We are The Four Nobodies.

XION: And good night!

DEMYX: Good night!

(CAMERA PANS AROUND THE STAGE AS MONEY CONTINUES TO FLUTTER DOWN)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

MALURXIA: Hold up here.

Malurxia Rhodes.

What? I don't think I heard you correctly.

Did you say magicians?

LEON FULLER: Yeah, Marly, magicians.

MARLUXIA: Where are you now?

LEON: I'm at Aria. I'm heading up there to grab 'em now.

(AT THE NOBODIES FANCY APARTMENT; DOOR BARGES OPEN; AGENTS POINTING GUNS AT THE FOUR NOBODIES)

LEON: FBI! Hands where I can see them.

REST OF AGENTS: Let's go. Get 'em up. Come on.

DEMYX: Uno minuto.

(LEON APPROACHES ROXAS LAYING ACROSS THE COUCH BARE-FOOTED)

FULLER: Let's go. Get 'em up. Put the book down.

ROXAS: Okay. You got me.

ANOTHER AGENT: *POINTS GUN TOWARDS OPEN STAIRCASE*- Freeze! Hands in the air!

XION: (GASPS) Oh, my! Do one of you guys mind giving us a hand with our bags?

LEON: Let's go.

(THE NOBODIES AND THE FBI WALK ACROSS THE STREETS OF TWILIGHT TOWN, PEOPLE NOTICING THEIR

APPEARANCE AND CHEER ON)

(PEOPLE APPLAUDING)

MALURXIA: Boss, please tell me this is a joke. I just got Willy Mears to finger Paulie Attanasio. I'm a month, two tops, away from blowing this whole thing open. Get Turkelson.

COMMON: He's in Atlantic City.

MALURXIA: What about Cowan? Look at him. He's just sitting there on his ass.

COWAN: Hilarious, Rhodes.

MARLUXIA: I love you.

COWAN:*MUTTERS* Asshole.

(MARLY ENTERS IN ROOM)

MARLUXIA: I don't have time for this magic crap.

LEON: This crap just pulled three million Euro out of a Parisian bank.

MALURXIA: That's how much they got?

LEON: Yeah.

LARXENE: Actually, 3.2.

MARLUXIA: Who is she?

(MUMBLES)

MALURXIA: Who are you?

LARXENE: Larxene Dray from Interpol. I'll be working the investigation with you.

MARLY: You gotta be kidding me. It's bad enough they got me chasing down David Copperfield and Friends. Now I'm being saddled with, no offense, with Interpol?

LARXENE: I look forward to working with you, too, Agent Rhodes.

MARLUXIA: I'm sorry. I don't think I'm gonna need your help on this. Okay? Where's the French guy?

LARXENE: I already spoke to him.

MARLUXIA: Oh, you did? You spoke to my witness before me?

LARXENE: Your witness? I thought you didn't want the case. Besides, he's useless.

MARLUXIA: Oh, really? Why is that?

LARXENE: Because he believes their magic was real.

MARLUXIA: Oh, he believes the magic was real? You're right, he probably is useless. Is it okay with Interpol if we

talk to him, too?

LARXENE: Mm-hmm.

MARLUXIA: Thank you.

XIGBAR: I have never stolen a thing in my life, okay? I tried to give the money back, but they won't take it.

MARLUXIA: Okay, okay, okay, let's just say you robbed a bank.

XIGBAR: I did.

MARLUXIA: Fine. Fantastic. You did. But since I'm new to this, can you explain to me how you went from Las Vegas to Paris in three seconds?

XIGBAR: With the teleportation helmet.

MARLUXIA: Okay, what the hell is going on here?

LARXENE: He was hypnotized during the show..... I told you, he's useless.

MARLUXIA: Okay, I'll deal with you when I'm done with this other bullshit.

(CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYING)

XIGBAR: Hey!

(STANDS ON TABLE)

XIGBAR: During the show, half the audience was hypnotized to believe they were in the Philharmonic. I guess that "bullshit" was the trigger word.

MARLUXIA: Okay. Hey, hey. coutez. Xiggy, come on down from there. You're not in the Philharmonic. How do you say "stop" in French?

LARXENE: Stop.

MARLUXIA: Tell him to stop.

LARXENE: No, I can't. You just have to let him finish his movement.

MARLUXIA: Okay, I need a time-out.

(BOTH COMMON AND MARLY EXIT THE ROOM)

COMMON: Too many French people in one room.

LARXENE: Agent Rhodes!

MARLUXIA: Huh?

LARXENE: I'm ordered by my bosses to provide a report. And until we have one, I'm here, like it or not. So we can work together, or you can continue to follow behind asking the same exact questions I'm asking. It's up to you.

(MARLY THINKS ABOUT IT)

MARLUXIA: Hmm.

LARXENE: I'm not finished. I just flew 12 hours, after what was already a long day. And I do not handle jet lag well.

(KICKS CHAIR TO AN OPEN SPACE)

LARXENE: So if you want to see who can be grumpier,

(GRABS BAG) I promise you, you will lose.

MARLUXIA: Hmm. Mm-hmm. Fine. So which one of these idiots do you want to talk to first?

OFFICER: Him?

(SHOWS DEMYX IN INTERVIEW ROOM; WRISTS CUFFED AND CHAINED TO AN SMALL LOCK ON TABLE)

LEON: Marly, for the record, mentalism has never actually been proven to be accurate.

MARLUXIA: Okay.

LEON: That is to say, that it's not a science. It's more for entertainment.

MARLUXIA: All right.

LEON: Just don't believe everything the guy says. That's all.

(DOOR BUZZES OPEN ALLOWING MARLY AND LEON TO

ENTER)

DEMYX: Please convey my deepest apologies to your colleague out there. I'm really sorry about this whole Tranny Tuesday thing. I was out of line.

LEON: Tranny Tuesday?

DEMYX: Well, it's an arrangement he and his wife have. Or might not have, if you believe everything Agent Fuller is saying to be correct. But isn't there a proud tradition in the FBI of men wearing dresses? No shame, Agent Fuller. No shame. (LAUGHS) I'm just having fun.

AXEL: Was this your card?

LARXENE: No.

AXEL: See, I knew you weren't a queen of hearts lady, and I respect that.

(LARXENE STARES; UNAMUSED)

AXEL: The trick usually works better when I'm not strapped in here, but I understand protocol.

LARXENE: Okay, okay. So, if you had nothing to do with it, then how did the playing card get into the vault?

AXEL: Oh, yes. That would be... What do the kids call it these days? Oh, yes, that's right. Magic.

GUARD *COMES OVER BY HIS SIDE*: Just answer the question, okay, smartass.

AXEL: All right. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

(SLIDES BOTTLES TOWARDS HER)

You can keep that. Don't share it with him.

GUARD: It says here you are a mentalist.

DEMYX: Hmm.

GUARD: What exactly is mentalism?

DEMYX: Tricks, mostly. Um, some science. Targeted guessing might be a most apt description. Along with some intuition and the occasional... Voices in my head.

INTERVIEWER: (LAUGHS) Says here you were fairly famous at one point.

DEMYX: Mm-hmm.

INTERVIEWER: You can even hypnotize people over the phone.

DEMYX: Some big tours around the U.S. for a few years,

INTERVIEWER: Two TV specials.

DEMYX: Glory days.

INTERVIEWER: Then your brother/manager disappeared with all your hard-earned money.

(CLEARS THROAT)

INTERVIEWER: Did your research, did you? IRS audit. Back taxes. You've had a long hard slog back into the limelight, haven't you, Mr. Welles?

DEMYX: Yes, indeed, it has. And I do appreciate that trip down Memory Lane.

AXEL: As far as I understand it, when the man from Paris put on the magical helmet...

MARLY: Listen to me.

AXEL: Yep.

MARLY: If you didn't rob that bank, then you knew about it. Which makes you an accomplice. So if you wanna walk out of here today, I'd suggest you start...

AXEL: Now you listen to me, unless you think there's a D.A. in the state of Nevada who'd be willing to make sense of this to a jury, then we have a show to perform. And you, Agent Rhodes, have a drawing board to get back to.

DEMYX: Is this your first date?

LARXENE: What?

DEMYX: No, I mean, obviously, you guys don't know each other well, if at all. But, like, there is a palpable tension in this room. And before you get involved, you should consider the fact that she has a lot of big secrets. And I know the first one is that this is your first time off the desk. Isn't it?

AXEL: You should have said something to him.

MARLY: This is a weird way for you to find out. You are literally begging to be arrested. You know that?

AXEL: If it means you would actually do it, then, yeah. But you won't. Because if you did, it means that you, and the FBI, and your friends at Interpol, actually believe, at an institutional level, in magic. The press would have a field day. And we'd be even more famous than we already are. And you guys would look like idiots even more then you already are. Well, no, not you. But him. Right?

(MARLUXIA SEEMS UNAMUSED)

AXEL: You have, what we in the business, like to call, "nothing up your sleeve." And you know it.

DEMYX: Don't draw him in and then dump him because abandonment is a big "area" for him. Mommy? Daddy. Ah! You have big daddy issues.

MARLY: Okay, that's enough.

DEMYX: I'll tell you what. Your average therapist is gonna charge you $200-$300 for this sesh. Me? I'll take a tenner.

LEON *CLOSES FILE* Okay, later, if you're feeling magnanimous...

DEMYX: I'll still take a tenner.

(LEON SIGHS BEFORE A SMALL PAUSE)

DEMYX: You wanna know who sat in that chair before you? Mob bosses, murderers, and thieves. And you know who put them there? The guy who's sitting in this chair. So I warn you, I can maintain my resolve much longer than you can maintain that phony arrogance. And the instant that you even show the slightest crack in that smug facade, I'll be there. I will be all over you like...

AXEL: Like white on rice?

(LARXENE CROSSES HER ARMS, UNAMUSED)

AXEL: Sorry. That's unfair. Let me warn you. I want you to follow. Because no matter what you think you might know, we will always be one step, three steps, seven steps ahead of you. And just when you think you're catching up, that's when we'll be right behind you. And at no time will you be anywhere other than exactly where I want you to be. So come close. Get all over me because the closer you think you are, the less you'll actually see.

LEON: I'm gonna nail you...

(LEON STANDS UP IN ANGER BUT FAILS WHEN AXEL SWITCHES CUFFS ON HIS WRISTS IN A FLASH; LEON PULLS BUT TO NO AVAIL IT BREAKS FREE)

AXEL: Something wrong with that soda, Miss?

(DIET PEPSI CAN RATTLES VIOLENTLY ACROSS THE TABLE)

(LARXENE HESITANTLY GRABS IT AND POPS IT OPEN)

LARXENE: Oh! Shit!

(DROPS CAN IN SHOCKING SURPRISE AS THE LIQUID PUDDLES ON THE TABLE; A KEY CLINKED AGAINST IT)

(MARLUXIA STARES AT AXEL WITH A THOUGHTFUL GLARE)

AXEL: First rule of magic.

Always be the smartest guy in the room.

(CAMERA SPLITS SCREEN INTO FOUR FRAMES- ROXAS SITTING ON THE GROUND HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL WHILE XION'S HEAD IS HUNG LOW AS IF SAD. FBI RELEASE THE NOBODIES)

MARLY: -Boss, what are we doing? We're letting them go? They all but admitted they're gonna do it again.

COMMON: About a half an hour ago, you didn't give a damn about them. What changed?

MARLY: I met them. Hey. Guys. Hey, I ran a check on the audience. Most of it was just filler. People that Tressier dragged in to pack the room. But guess who was sitting there in the back, filming the whole damn thing?

LEON: I don't know.

MARLY: Zexion Novello.

LEON: Zexion Novello, the guy from TV with the DVDs and shows?

MARLY: No.

LEON: Okay, well, he debunks magicians. He exposes them. He shows you how to do their tricks.

MARLY: Get him on the phone.

LEON: I did. You're having lunch with him in 45.

MARLY: Good.

(MARLY, LARX, AND ANOTHER LADY WALK THROUGH ZEXY'S MANSION)

WOMAN: Mr. Novello started as a magician. He was actually quite good.

MARLY: Really?

WOMAN: One of the best.

MARLY: You don't say.

(APPROACHING FRAME)

MARLY: "The greatest genius is in seeing through the illusion."

LEON: That's a man who loves his work.

(THEY ARRIVE TO THE LIVING ROOM WHERE MR. NOVELLO IS SEATED ON A FANCY COUCH, LEGS CROSSED WITH A SMIRK)

ZEXION: You sure I can't interest you in a glass of wine?

MARLY: No, no, no. No, thank you, sir. We're working.

LARXENE: I will take one.

(ZEXY POURS THE CLEAR WINE TURNING IT RED ONCE IT HITS THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS)

MARLY: Wow. That's incredible. That's amazing.

ZEXION: Red dye, palmed.

MARLY: Is that how Jesus did it? That's incredible. I'm sorry. Can I just take a minute here? You were one of the great magicians. Why did you stop?

ZEXION: Do you know how many people went to see magic

performed live in the last half decade? About 1.6 million. You know how many DVDs I sold in the same period? Five million.

MARLY: Right, so it's about the money.

ZEXION: Well, the money is only there because the need to know is greater than the desire to be fooled. Like you, I detest those who prey upon the gullibility of the masses.

LARXENE: With all due respect, isn't there a cost, though, to this game?

ZEXION: Cost?

LARXENE: I don't know. Careers. Lives.

ZEXION: I assume you're referring to Saix Tsukino.

MARLY: I'm sorry, who?

ZEXION: Saix Tsukino. A middling magician who drowned in the Hudson River 30 years ago.

LARXENE: On Mr. Novello's first special, he revealed all of Tsukino's tricks. The next year, Tsukino tried to stage a comeback. He was shackled inside a safe, and dropped into the river. But he never resurfaced.

MARLY: You mean he died?

ZEXION: I didn't kill him. He killed himself trying to do

something he wasn't prepared to handle. You do realize this is a game?

MARLY: Believe me, it's not a game.

ZEXION: It is a game. You're the game. You're being played. And your pathetic attempts at fawning to gain my trust... I mean, come on.

MARLY: You got me.

ZEXION: If you really want to know how a bank in Paris was robbed from a stage in Las Vegas, my special comes out next month.

MARLY: Or I could just bring you in on obstruction charges and force you to tell me. Unless, of course, what you're trying to say to me is that you actually don't know how they did it.

(STAGE OPENS TO REVEAL UNDERGROUND VAULT)

ZEXION: Showmanship and theatrics. When a magician waves his hand and says, "This is where the magic is happening." The real trick is happening somewhere else. Misdirection. A basic concept of magic.

MARLY: Not interested in the concepts of magic. I wanna know how they robbed a bank.

ZEXION: You're an idiot if you think they robbed a bank. But don't take my word for it. How about a trip to Paris? Hermia, the teleportation helmet, please, darling?

(LADY HANDS OVER THE HELMET)

MARLY: You're joking, right?

ZEXION: You wanna know how they did it or not?

LADY *WHISPERS* I'm just gonna put this on your head.

ZEXION: Step right up. There you go. Now we just pull this down all safe and snug. Make yourself comfortable. There we go. And when you're ready to go to Paris, just say the magic word.

MARLY: Blow me?

ZEXION: That'll suffice.

LARXENE: Bon voyage.

(MARLY SCREAMS FOR A SHORT SECOND BEFORE LANDING IN THE VAULT)

ZEXION: Bonjour. I personally prefer to take the stairs to Paris. Welcome to the City of Light, Agent Rhodes.

MARLY: Hardy har har. What was with the helmet?

ZEXION: My fun.

(LARXENE LAUGHS SOFTLY)

MARLY: What?

LARXENE: Nothing.

MARLY: Oh! So they got a vault set.

ZEXION: Yes.

MARLY: And it's the exact replica of the little French guy's bank. So he's a plant.

ZEXION: He was a dupe, not a plant. They chose him. They knew which seat he was in.

MARLY: Naw, naw, naw, the audience picked the seat.

(ZEXION STARES; UNAMUSED)

MARLY: Unless, of course, the audience didn't pick the seat.

ZEXION: They let them think they picked the seat.

AXEL: We'll choose one at random then.

ZEXION: Actually, they were just palming the ball with the seat number they wanted.

AXEL: We are looking at row number 5. Xion, could I please have a seat number? Lucky number 13. Could you just confirm that this is, in fact, your seat?

ZEXION: He was selected. They programmed his mind to make him go to Las Vegas.

DEMYX: - Viva Las Vegas.

ZEXION: And then they kept reinforcing it, until he did. They trailed him. They studied him. Nothing was left to chance.

(XION BUMPS INTO XIGBAR ON PURPOSE)

XION: Oh!

(SPEAKS FRENCH)

XION: I got his measurements.

ZEXION: He had no idea he was their target. And they simply activated him in Vegas.

AXEL: And once again, Demyx Welles.

MARLUXIA: But how did they know what bank was his?

ZEXION: You're kidding.

MARLY: Really? Can you be any more of a condescending ass?

ZEXION: Yes.

(LARXENE LAUGHS SOFTLY)

ZEXION: Like this. There's a very rare, very mysterious way

in which a magician divines an audience member's bank. You ready?

MARLY: Yes.

ZEXION: Credit card.

LARXENE: And that's how they got the signature for the card they left in the vault in Paris.

ZEXION: Very good. You're being one-upped, Agent Rhodes.

MARLY: Okay, but they had to get the signature card in the vault. You said they didn't steal the money.

ZEXION: No, I didn't say they didn't steal the money. I said they didn't rob the bank. My guess is that they targeted a shipment of freshly minted money headed to the Frenchman's bank on-board an armored truck. Which, of course, is just as hard to break into. Unless you're already inside. And despite what the banks would have you believe, the men who drive these trucks are not exactly mental giants. For our Nobodies...

DEMYX: Oh!

ZEXION: ...It was almost too easy.

XION: Hey, boys.

(OPENS TRUCK DOORS AND STRANGLES THE WORKERS)

MARLY: So, how did they make the fake money disappear from the vault? What is that?

ZEXION: Hash paper. Magicians use it all the time. Creates no smoke, leaves no residue.

WOMAN: Oh, merde.

(PRIVATE JET SOARS OVER CLOUDS AT SUNSET)

CONAN O'BRIEN: Two days ago, no one heard of these guys, but tonight's show sold out in 35 seconds. I think these guys have cracked the secret to show business. Give your audience $3 million. Puts 'em in a good mood, doesn't it?

LUXORD: Best finale ever.

CONAN: They're gonna he the first magicians in history to get laid. Remember, if the oxygen mask comes down, - put it on the lawyer first. Remember.

LUXORD: Oh, yes.

CONAN: I always do. It's lawyer first, - then myself and then the children.

LUXORD: Then yourself.

CONAN: Yes. Then the children.

DEMYX: Um... Allow me to make plain what we've both been thinking.

XION: And what's that?

DEMYX: Well, obviously, you have feelings of affection for Axel. Unrequited and misguided, owing to his lack of emotional availability. Consequently, you're very tightly... How should I put it? Um... Corked.

XION: Oh, I am?

DEMYX: Now, recognizing that you have physical needs not being met, and strictly in the vein of helping a sister out, I invite you to think of me as your own personal corkscrew.

XION: Wow. Thanks. Let me mull over that offer of cheap and meaningless sex.

DEMYX: Cheap and meaningless, maybe, but, uh, not time-consuming.

(XION LAUGHS)

PILOT: (OVER PA) We should be getting there a few

minutes early. So, sit back, relax. We should be in the Big Easy soon. Appreciate you flying with us today.

(MARLUXIA SITS DOWN)

MARLY: So, what's in it for Tressier, besides the money?

LARXENE: Ego.

(TAKES OUT PLAYING CARDS)

Okay, pick your card.

Look at it, put it in the deck, and tell me.

MARLY: No, don't tell me.

LARXENE: Okay.

MARLY: Okay. Zexion was there that night. He knows exactly how they pulled it off. What about him?

LARXENE: What are you saying? You think they could be working together.

MARLY: I don't know. All I know is that these guys were a bunch of street magicians a year ago with no resources. So, how do they go from doing that to this without some kind of outside help?

LARXENE: Is this your card?

MARLY: No, my card is sitting over there in that guy's lap.

(LARXENE LAUGHS SOFTLY)

MARLY: Nice shuffle.

LARXENE: You know, this is hard. According to this book, some of those guys practice one simple move eight hours a day for years.

MARLY: Really? Some of those guys seriously need to get a life.

LARXENE: Is it magicians, in general, you have a problem with? Or specifically those guys?

MARLY: I could care less about magicians in general. What I hate is people who exploit other people.

LARXENE: Exploit them how? Try again.

MARLY *BREATHES OUT WORD* Um...

By taking advantage of their weaknesses. Their need to believe in something that's unexplainable in order to make their lives more bearable.

LARXENE: I see it as a strength. My life is happier when I believe that. (PULLS OUT ANOTHER CARD) Is this your card?

MARLY: Yeah.

LARXENE: Yeah?

MARLY: Yeah.

LARXENE: Cool. (LAUGHS SOFTLY) That smile on your face. Is it real?

MARLY: Maybe.

LARXENE: So let me ask you, Mr. Detective Man. Do you feel exploited? Or did you have maybe a tiny, tiny bit of fun?

DEMYX: Guy goes to the doctor. Doctor says, "Sir, you're gonna have to stop masturbating."

He says, "Why?"

He says, "So I can finish the examination."

(XION LAUGHS WHILE ROXAS HURRILY COMES IN THROUGH AILES; HEADING OVER TO AXEL)

ROXAS: Oh, Axel, can I talk to you about my role in the show real quick?

AXEL: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure. Hey, guys.

(XION FADES HER LAUGHING)

AXEL: We got a show to prepare for.

XION: Oh.

DEMYX: Oh! Do we now?

(CUE GAY SMIRK ON DEMYX'S FACE)

AXEL: No, no, no, don't do that. You're not doing that thing to me. No.

DEMYX: What thing? I'm just looking at you.

AXEL: No, you're not. I've been watching you for a year. I know all of your little tricks.

DEMYX: That what they are to you? Tricks?

AXEL: Yes, it's gimmicks. it's Barnum statements. It's reading the eyes. Body language. I get it.

DEMYX: If it's such an easy thing, why don't you do Xion?

XION: Yeah, Axel. Why don't you do me?

AXEL: No, you're too easy. I'll do Jasmine.

TRESSLER: No. Do me.

DEMYX: Oh, yeah. Yeah. Do Lux.

AXEL: Okay.

DEMYX: Even better.

AXEL: Lux. Yeah.

LUXORD: But I warn you, I can be difficult to read, when I

want to be.

AXEL: Just stay with me, okay? So, Lux, you were a tough kid. You know, kind of a real rapscallion. You had a dog. A real tough dog. A brutish breed. Like a real... I want to say, Ben the bulldog.

LUXORD: Actually, I was a prissy little tot. I had a fluffy white cat called Snuffles.

(THE NOBODIES LAUGH)

DEMYX: Wow.

AXEL: Ah. Sorry.

ROXAS: Wait, let me try one. I can do way better than that.

XION *CLAPS* Let him do it.

AXEL: *DISMAYED* Come on, give me one more time. One more time.

XION: He can do way better than that.

AXEL: Let's do family. You had an uncle on your mother's side. He had a real, kind of... A real masculine name. A real, kind of, salt-of-the-earth... You know, a real stick-it-to-you...

(LUXORD SOFTLY LAUGHS)

AXEL: Like it was some kind of Paul. Thompson? Was it a Paul... (SIGHING) Okay. You know what? I got nothin'.

LUXORD: Nearly though.

AXEL: Was I?

LUXORD: Yeah. My uncle's name was Cushman Armitage. (LAUGHS)

AXEL: Really? Snuffles and Cushman Armitage? That was your childhood?

LUXORD: I certainly hope tonight's show is gonna be better than this.

AXEL: Don't worry. Just you wait.

(MARLUXIA WALKS THROUGH HOTEL LOBBY)

MARLY: Hey. Come on, give me some good news on a hotel room, please.

FULLER: What, are you kidding me? No, it's Mardi Gras, Malurxia. There's nothing within sight of the theater.

MARLY: Hold on a second. Hold on. Where is this woman? Hey, hey! There you are. What, the French girl doing a little sightseeing while she's in New Orleans?

LARXENE: No. In fact, here, speaking French is actually an asset.

MARLY: Huh?

LARXENE: Do you see that woman up there? That's Marie Claire. And she has a lovely apartment for us.

(MARLY STARES DAZED WHILE LARX PATS HIS SHOULDER)

LARXENE: You're welcome. (LEAVES HIM ALONE)

MARLY: Yeah. We got a place.

(MARLY COMES IN SLAPPING NEWSPAPER ON THE TABLE)

MARLY: I want two each inside of here. The other 30 around here. Roofs, alleys, balconies. Eyes on The Nobodies at all times.

GUARD: Yes, sir.

LARXENE: Wow, 100 years ago, William Robinson took the name Chung Ling Soo and spent his entire life never speaking English in public. (SPEAKS FRENCH) This other guy, Maximillian...

MARLY: I am not interested in a history lesson on magic at this moment.

LARXENE: If you want to keep playing into their hands, go for it. I'm just trying to understand how they think.

MARLY: You think I'm playing in their hands, do you?

LARXENE: I don't know how any of that is gonna go against this.

MARLUXIA: This what? This magic?

(LARXENE PULLS OUT ARTICLE)

LARXENE: Saix Tsukino. In Sugar Sand Park, he has a guy pick a card and sign it. Then he goes to a tree that has been there 20 years. They saw the tree in half. Inside the tree, encased in glass, is the card with the signature. How did he do that?

MARLY: I have no idea. But I'm sure there's a logical explanation. Excusez-moi.

(MARLY WALKS OVER TO HOTEL ENTERANCE)

MARLY: You guys got a guy in that lobby yet?

FULLER: No, but I do have some good news. Remember how Hayes is such a control freak, he's got his whole crew on those tracking bracelets?

MARLY: What tracking bracelets?

FULLER: He has every member of his crew wearing a tracking bracelet. Those bracelets are on a sub-8 flat-band. So as long as Hayes is tracking them...

AXEL: Next.

FULLER: ...our boys can track Hayes from right here in the mobile command unit.

MALURXIA: Okay, call me if you get any movement.

FULLER: Copy that.

(MARLY STANDS IN BALCONY OF HOTEL; LARXENE APPROACHES HIM)

LARXENE: You are missing the big picture here, Marly.

There is a place in Paris, Pont des Arts. (*Pon-Des-Ah)* Sometimes in the mornings I sit on a bench there. And I watch the people make a wish and lock it in a lock on the bridge. Then throw the key into the Seine river. All day they do this. Mothers, lovers, old men. Watching the key sink into the water and their secret is locked away forever. Real and, at the same time, magical. (TURNS AROUND AND SIGHS) So, do you really think it's possible there's a fifth Nobody?

MARLY: Yeah.

(EERIE MUSIC PLAYING)

ZEXION: There is a legend of a secret order born in ancient Egypt called "The Eye." It is said they perfected sleight of hand to steal food from the Pharaohs and give it to the slaves. Their purpose? Using magic and illusion to even the scales of justice. Are The Nobodies next in a long line of fools to believe this myth? Will they evade the rules of law and logic like they did in Las Vegas? Or will the dark mysticism of this Southern swampland get the better of them?

(SLOW CLAPPING)

LUXORD: Bravo, Mr. Novello.

ZEXION: Either you have a cease-and-desist, which you don't, or you should leave.

LUXORD: If I want something to cease or desist, it does.

WOMAN: Take five.

LUXORD: According to your potential backers, you stand to make 2.5 million tops from your best special. I have here a check for 3.5 million.

ZEXION: To walk away?

LUXORD: To fly away. My jet is at your disposal.

ZEXION: Let's not kid ourselves, Mr. Tressier. You're in this to ride them up. I'm in it to ride them down.

LUXORD: I take it that we do not have a deal. And therein lies our conflict. (PROCEEDS TO BURN THE CHECK) Let me be blunt. My bank account is much, much bigger than yours. And my lawyers are much stronger. And they will manacle you with so many injunctions. Until you stand by, hopelessly watching everything that you own drain away in front of your greedy little eyes.

ZEXION: This isn't the first time I've been threatened. And I'm still here.

LUXORD: It is, however, the first time you've been threatened by me. And if you do anything to sully my investment, the ride down, which you mentioned, will be sudden, precipitous, and measurable on the Richter scale.

ZEXION: Oops. You shouldn't have done that. According to superstition, one who uses a doll to enact one's own wrath, is likely to bring that very wrath unto himself.

LUXORD: Isn't that funny? And I thought you didn't believe in magic.

(ALL CLAMORING)

DEMYX: Do me a favor. Visualize your most adventurous sexual experience.

XION: Stay out of my head, you perv.

DEMYX: Well, no, if I stay out of your head, I'm never gonna get into your pants.

XION: Right.

DEMYX: So let's stick with this exercise. *WHISPERS* And it helps...

ZEXION: Pardon the intrusion. I just wanted to wish you good luck tonight.

ROXAS: What, so you can try to expose us later on your little website?

ZEXION: And on demand.

XION: That's not gonna happen.

ZEXION: Oh, no? Operating on a special plane because of The XIII? I heard it's a lovely place. Lots of starshine and moonbeams. Make any magician's wish come true. You've come a long way, much further than anyone would have expected of a bunch of wanna-bes and has-beens.

DEMYX: If by "has-been" you're referring to me, I just

wanna say I'm flattered, because I always considered myself a never-was. Do you mind if I do a quick read on you?

ZEXION: By all means.

DEMYX: Okay, I'm picturing a little boy. He wants to be a great magician someday. And though he's good, he's not quite good enough. So he ends up at the bottom of the entertainment food chain, feeding off of those who have the talent that he never did. Tell me. Am I getting close?

(ZEXION STARTS TO LEAVE; AXEL CATCHES UP TO HIM.)

AXEL: Wait. Before you go. I'm working on something new. Do you have a second? (PULLS OUT PLAYING CARDS) Okay. Name a card.

ZEXION: King of hearts.

AXEL: Knew it. Okay. (SNAPS FINGER)

(PULLS OUT CARD FROM SLEEVE)

ZEXION: It's up your left sleeve.

AXEL: Is it? *MUTTERS IN CONFUSION* No. No, I don't see it up there.

(OTHER NOBODIES DISAGREE)

AXEL: You know, why don't you check your unnecessary

velveteen pocket there?

(ZEXY REACHES OUT HAND TO HIS POCKET)

AXEL: *NODS* Yeah.

ZEXION: (NODS IN TINY AMAZEMENT) Whoa.

AXEL: Anyway, thank you so much for coming by, but this is kind of a talent only area, so...

ZEXION: *FLICKS CARD TO HIM* Break a leg.

DEMYX: Hey, you break something, too.

♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛♛

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, the Savoy management welcomes you to tonight's special performance, The Four Nobodies, Act Two. Unlike traditional performances, The Four Nobodies encourage you to film, call your friends, upload, stream, and tweet the show freely. Thank you. The show will begin in a few minutes.

LARXENE: Nice watch.

MARLY: It's a family heirloom.

LARXENE: Oh. By the way, I know how he did that trick.

MARLY: Who?

LARXENE: Tsukino. So, when he was 14, he saw a hole in a tree in Sugar Sand Park. He had a guy who worked at the carousel sign a card for what looked like a routine little trick.

MARLY: And?

LARXENE: At the guy's retirement, 18 years later, Tsukino performs, has the guy sign a card, and presto!

MARLY: The card is in the tree.

LARXENE: It was in the tree for 18 years.

MARLY: The card was in the tree. The tree grew around the card in 18 years. I mean, that isn't magic. It's not magic.

LARXENE: The point is, the trick was not to look closely. It was to look so far that you see 20 years into the past. After Tsukino drowned, they never found the body.

MARLY: What are you suggesting?

(CROWD CHEERING)

ANNOUNCER: Luxord Tressler presents

Roxas Hendricks,

Xion Reeves,

Demyx Welles,

and Axel Hayes.

The Four Nobodies.

AXEL: Thank you. Before we begin, we'd like to single out two people in particular. A man and a woman to whom we'd like to dedicate tonight's performance.

XION: FBI Agent Marluxia Rhodes and the lovely, if somewhat inexperienced, Interpol Agent Larxene Dray, everyone.

(CROWD BOOING)

ROXAS: Yeah, Agent Rhodes has personally vowed to quote "nail us."

DEMYX: And we encourage him to do so if he has the brains and the fur.

ROXAS: *CHUCKLES* Wow.

(CROWD CLAPS)

AXEL: What is magic? Our argument, nothing but targeted deception. So I want you to look. Look as closely as possible. Because the tricks you are about to see may not seem connected. But we assure you, they are. Is what

follows 100 different tricks? Or is it one giant illusion?

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

XION: And now for one of the oldest tricks in the book. Axel, if you wouldn't mind opening up the box, and showing everybody that it's completely empty.

DEMYX: Now, we're gonna need 12 courageous volunteers.

XION: I'm gonna take sweet little Fluffy here,

(CROWD AWES) and put her inside this mystery box.

ROXAS: There are two pencils out there. Hold 'em up high. Let me see 'em.

LADY: Here!

WOMAN: Yeah!

AXEL: And now, you will say the magic word.

BOTH WOMEN: Abracadabra.

AXEL: Yes, and I will wave this magic wand for no reason. And then...

(POOF!)

AXEL: Fluffy has magically vanished before your very eyes.

(CROWD APPLUASES)

DEMYX: If you haven't experienced mass hypnosis, you're about to. (DEM WALKS BY LINE OF VOLUNTEERS AND PATS THIER FOREHEAD) And sleep. Down, down. Sleep, sleep. Completely sleep. Good, good. Sleep, sleep.

XION: And now we are gonna debunk a few magic myths this evening. We all know that Fluffy is, in fact, alive and well.

(PULLS OFF COVER TO REVEAL BUNNY)

XION: And Fluffy has miraculously appeared.

AXEL: As has the mirror which makes the box only appear as though it's empty.

DEMYX: When you hear the word "freeze" you are all football players. (AUDIENCE SOFTLY LAUGHS) And your job is to tackle, dismantle, crush, tear limb from limb, the quarterback.

XION: Now, we've all heard of pulling the rabbit out of the hat. But has anyone heard of pulling a hat out of a rabbit?

(XION QUICKLY PULLS A STANDARD HAT FROM THE BUNNY'S EAR; CROWD CLAPS IN AWE)

DEMYX: You will know who the quarterback is. He will be the one saying that word. Freeze.

ALL: Three, two, one...

(BUBBLES FLOAT ACROSS STAGE WHILE THE NOBODIES PERFORM MINI TRICKS)

DEMYX: Put your hands in the middle.

THE FOUR NOBODIES: One, two, three...

ALL: Kill the quarterback!

DEMYX: Get on back to your seats. I got a feeling I'm gonna be seeing you soon.

(AXEL CONJURES A BUBBLE GROWING ON THE MIDDLE OF HIS OPEN PALM; XION RUNS TOWARDS IT AND JUMPS IN THE BUBBLE; FLIPPING BACKWARDS IN MID-AIR AS IT HOVERS OVER THE CROWD)

(XION GASPS AS BUBBLE POPS)

(AUDIENCE EXCLAIMING IN AWE)

(XION SCREAMS)

DEMYX (SOFTLY LAUGHS)

(AXEL CATCHES HER)

AXEL: I guess you have lost some weight.

(CROWD CLAPS IN AWE AND WHISTLES)

DEMYX: At the intermission, we asked you to write down your current bank balance, and seal it in an envelope. Now

it's time to take those envelopes out. Everyone take 'em out. Now, everybody, shout out your name. All at once. Go.

(INDISTINCT SHOUTING)

DEMYX: Shout 'em out.

(INDISTINCT SHOUTING CONTINUES)

DEMYX: Clement? Frannick?

LADY: Yeah! Up here!

DEMYX: Oh. Way up there. Okay. Dina? Robertson?

LADY: That's me!

DEMYX: Okay. Names. Names. Let's go.

(SHOUTING CONTINUES)

DEMYX: Josepha Hickey?

LADY: That's me!

DEMYX: Josepha, I want you to focus on your balance, and count from one to 10 out loud.

JOSEPHA: One, two, three, four, five...

DEMYX: Stop. Is the first digit 5?

JOSEPHA: Yes?

DEMYX: Do it again. This time, faster.

JOSEPHA: One, two, three, four, five, six...

DEMYX: Stop. Six. Again.

JOSEPHA: One, two...

DEMYX: Josepha, is your bank balance $562 as of today?

JOSEPHA: Yeah. That's what I got.

(APPLAUSE)

DEMYX: Unfortunately, you're wrong. Okay, Dina, 1, 4, 7? 7.

DINA: *CHUCKLES* Yeah.

DEMYX: You think it is. But in fact, you, too, are wrong. Uh, Clement... You do not have $6,500 in your account. In fact, everybody stand up. Everybody.

(THE CROWD SYNCS THE COMMAND WITH EXCITED MUTTERS)

DEMYX: Yeah. Put your envelopes to your forehead.

(CROWD GLUES THE MAIL TO THIER THIRD EYE)

DEMYX: Focus on your number.

(SECONDS PASS BY; DEM STARTS TO FEEL AS IF SOMETHING BAD HAS HAPPENED)

DEMYX: Ooh! Oh. This is... Oh, dear. Just as I feared. Oh, this is strange. You know, I hate to say this, but you're all wrong. Every last one of you is dead wrong about what you think is in your account. - Okay, you can sit down now.

(INAUDIBLE)

DEMYX: Oh! Oh, yeah. I almost forgot. This evening would not be possible if it weren't for our great benefactor Luxord Tressier.

(CROWD CLAPS)

DEMYX: Big applause! Big applause!

AXEL: Lux, actually, why don't you come up on stage for the finale?

DEMYX: Come on down, Lux!

XION: Come on down, Lux!

AXEL: There he goes. Okay, good.

MARLY: Are we on red?

LEON: Bright red. We're all standing by.

MARLY: All right, no one leaves the theater. No one.

AXEL: There he goes.

XION: Now, Lux, did you fill out your envelope? Well, no need. We've done it for you.

DEMYX: Now, Lux, I took a guess. North of 140. Am I right? That's 140 million, by the way.

XION: I'm sorry, Demyx. How can he be right about his balance and everyone else be wrong?

DEMYX: I think possibly because he, too, is wrong. Now everybody, take out your paper. And using the flashlight under your seat, start to warm up that paper. I think your correct balance begins to appear. Now, Lux, don't worry, we have a flashlight for you.

LUXORD: Yes.

(PEOPLE LAUGHING)

AXEL *SHEILDING FROM LIGHT* Whoa!

(XION LAUGHS AS SHE HOLDS LUXORD'S CHECK)

AXEL: Look.

XION: Huh? Wow.

DEMYX: What's going on there, Axel?

AXEL: Wait. This is weird. A second ago, it said $144,579,651. But now... Now it says $70,000 less.

DEMYX: Josepha, can you stand up?

JOSEPHA: Yes.

DEMYX: Now, what is your new number?

JOSEPHA: *READS OFF EXCITEDLY* $70,562 now in my account.

(CROWD CLAPS AND CHEERS)

XION: Is it possible that Josepha's balance went up the exact amount that Lux's went down?

ROXAS: Hey. Check it out. It's happening again.

AXEL: Is it?

XION: Wow. It is. Lux's balance has gone down another 280K.

DEMYX: Dina Robertson? What did yours say?

DINA: $281,477.

(CHEERING)

XION: We have a confession to make.

ROXAS: She's right. We lied about something.

AXEL: Yes. None of you were chosen at random.

DEMYX: All of you have one thing in common.

XION: Everyone in this room was a victim of the hard times that hit one of Ame:rica's most treasured cities.

DEMYX: Some of you lost your houses, your cars.

ROXAS: Your businesses.

AXEL: Your loved ones. But all of you were insured by the same company.

4 NOBODIES: Tressier Insurance.

DEMYX: You were abandoned.

XION: You were loopholed...

ROXAS: ...out of your settlements.

LUXORD: *STANDS UP FLARED* This is all for show. Correct?

XION: "All" meaning we're doing it onstage in front of a paying audience? - Then, yes, it's for show.

MAN: - Whoa! Whoa! I've got $82,000 in my bank account! It says it right here on my cell phone! Everybody, look at your cell phones right now! Everybody!

(CELL PHONES CHIMING)

(ALL CHEERING)

Whoo!

MARLY: Is this for real?

LEON: I don't know.

MARLUXIA: Is this happening?

LEON: I don't know! I can't tell!

LUXORD: Hey! Did you do this?

ROXAS: How could we, Lux? We don't have your password.

XION: We'd need access to information we could never get our hands on.

AXEL: Ah, yes, security questions, for instance, like, I don't know, your mother's maiden name or the name of your first pet.

DEMYX: Where would we get that information, Lux?

MARLY: You certainly would never tell us.

(CHAINS WRIST THE NOBODIES TOGETHER)

FULLER: We got confirmation. It's really happening. They robbed him.

MARLY: Do not let them get away.

DEMYX: Hey, we left you the jet and the Rolls.

(SHOUTING ANGRILY)

JOSEPHA: You got hell to pay!

MARLUXIA: Stop! Stop! Nobody move! Freeze!

LADY: Quarterback!

(EVERYBODY RUNS TOWARDS MARLY TACKLING HIM DOWN)

THE FOUR NOBODIES: We are The Four Nobodies. Good night!

(MARLY GRUNTING AS 20K FANS TACKLE HIM DOWN)

MARLUXIA: Get 'em off me! Get off! Get off me!

(SIRENS WAILING OUTSIDE THEATRE)

MARLY: Get off me! All right. I want everyone on the street! Everyone!

(ZEXION CHUCKLING)

LADY: Get Him!

MAN: Quarterback!

MARLY: Fuller, meet me in front of the theater and bring the tracker.

LEON: Let's go! Let's go! Now! Come on! Let's go! Give me the tracker. Let's go. FBI! Clear! Marluxia!

MALURXIA: Damn. What have you got?

LEON: That's him right there. Follow the red dot.

MARLUXIA: All right, I'll take this. Go. Box 'em. Cut 'em off that way. He's turning left on Burgundy.

(CAR ALARMS BLARING)

(GRUNTS)

MARLUXIA: - on!

(CRASHING)

(TRACKER BEEPING)

MARLY: Hey! Move! Move! Move!

LADY: Oh!

(ALL CLAMORING)

MARLY: I got him heading north on Bourbon. - Sorry. Move, move!

LEON: Hey! Hey, excuse me. Move, move! Excuse me.

MARLY: Ow!

(SIREN WAILS TO A FADE)

MARLY: I've lost him at Bourbon! Damn! Where are you?

(PUSHES THROUGH CROWD)

MARLY: Excuse me. -He's heading south on Exchange

Place.

LADY: Stop!

MARLUXIA: What are you doing?

(LADY GRABS CLONE TRACKER AND RUNS OFF)

MARLUXIA: He's going in Napoleon House.

(SIREN WAILS)

MARLY: Move! Move!

(WOMAN SCREAMS)

MARLY: Move out of the way!

GUY: Hey!

MARLY: Move! He's in the bathroom. I have him in the bathroom.

(GRUNTS) No! No! No!

AGENTS: Freeze!

FULLER: - Lower your weapons!

(DEVICES BEEPING)

MALURXIA: What? I'm tracking myself!

NEWSCASTER: The Nobodies left egg on the face of what they call the alphabet agencies, calling into question the efficacy of the FBI's task force as well as the man in charge of the investigation, Special Agent Marluxia Rhodes, who was publicly ridiculed, and even tackled at tonight's performance. Talk about a fumble. This is quickly becoming a national story, as The Nobodies have now seemingly pulled off the impossible for the second time in as many days. Two nights ago in Vegas, The Nobodies seemingly robbed a bank in Paris...

LARXENE: Hey. What are you doing?

MARLY: I'm having a drink.

LARXENE: I came to get you. I'm worried about you.

MARLY: You're worried about me. Well, I'm worried about you. Hayes. You had him.

LARXENE: He didn't have a weapon. I couldn't shoot him and you know that.

MARLY: Yeah, but you... You let him go. Didn't you? A pretty French girl shows up out of the blue, acts like she's my partner-

LARXENE: Let go of my arm.

MARLY: - and then she lets the bad guy go? Who exactly

are you anyway?

(MARLY GRUNTS AS LARXENE TACKLES HIM TO THE GROUND)

MARLY: I thought you said you were a desk agent. Not bad. (GRABS CARD) What is this? What's the Eye of Horus?

LARXENE: Oh, certainly nothing I want to get into tonight. You're dismissive enough about me when you're sober. Find your way back yourself.

GUARD: Mr. Novello? Mr. Tressier would like you to join him for a drink.

WAITER: Sir.

TRESSLER: Thank you. What is your role with them?

ZEXION: Role?

LUXORD: Yes. You seem to know everything about them. What they're gonna do. Where they're gonna be.

ZEXION: If it makes you feel any better, this wasn't about you.

LUXORD: Please tell me why this was not about me.

ZEXION: This is a magic trick, Mr. Tressier. Played out on a

global scale. You, sir, are the abracadabra. The distraction, while they set up the real trick.

LUXORD: I was a $140-million distraction?

ZEXION: Yes. And that very ego that got you involved with them in the first place is what keeps you from seeing that.

LUXORD: You know...

ZEXION: "I can destroy you." Yes, I do know. Well, you won't. And you won't destroy them. Whatever this grand trick is, it was designed a long time ago. And I believe that what's about to follow is really going to amaze. So I suggest you sit back and enjoy your front row seat. You paid quite a lot of good money for it.

LUXORD: Whatever you stand to make... I'll double it, if you expose them now. And destroy them.

ZEXION: I stand to make five million.

LUXORD: Am I flinching?

ZEXION: No, you're not.

(MARLY ENTERS IN HOTEL ROOM WHERE LARXENE IS ASLEEP. HE CAUTIOSLY LOOKS THROUGH ARTICLES AND BOOKS ABOUT HIS FATHER, TSUKINO AND MORE SECRETS

BEHIND THE GRAND PLAY OF MAGIC; LARXENE STIRS AWAKE AND STUDIES MARLY'S ACTIVITY)

LARXENE *SOFT VOICE* Hey. I'm sorry for your arm.

MARLY: No. I'm sorry. I was an asshole. I was drunk. *SIGHS* I'm at a loss. *SITS DOWN AT EDGE OF BED*

LARXENE: You know, when Demyx said I hardly spent any time away from the desk, he was right. I'm a researcher. That's what I do best.

MARLY: So what's this all about?

LARXENE: Supposedly, if you buy into it, The XIII are the keepers of real magic and the protectors of those who practice it.

MARLY: *READS FROM BOOK* "Candidates for initiations must follow a series of commands with blind obedience." This isn't real.

LARXENE: But there are some who think it is. May I?

(MARLY HANDS OVER THE BOOK TO HER)

LARXENE: According to this, they only take new people twice a century.

MARLY: So what? The Nobodies are doing these shows in order to get into this thing?

LARXENE: I don't know. I mean, I guess these guys could just rob banks to rob banks. They don't have to put on a show for that. It's probably just a myth. But it doesn't make any sense, and I don't think logic will solve this for us.

MARLY: You don't say?

LARXENE: No. I believe that some things are only discovered if you take certain leaps.

MARLY: *CLEARS THROAT SOFTLY* Well, I gotta get to...

LARXENE: Yeah. Yeah. Thanks. Good night.

MARLY: Yeah. Good night.

LARXENE: Sorry.

MARLY: It's all right.

LARXENE: If The XIII did exist, we'd have to assume they were watching us, right?

(PHONE BEEPING)

MARLY: Shit. I think someone is watching us, but it isn't magic.

LADY: Your fears are correct. This is not and has never been your phone. It's a clone in every way, except for this. A bug. Someone has heard every call, read every text.

LEON: That's how they were able to stay ahead of us.

MARLY: God damn it! Get me Hayes' interrogation tape.

LEON: Yes, sir. I have it on the hard drive. Picture's up.

MALURXIA: Okay, fast forward. Go on, go on. Freeze! Okay. Frame by frame. Go on. Play it through. Ah! Stop. Zoom in tighter. Tighter. There. That's where he took my phone. Is that thing transmitting?

LADY: Only when you're making a call or sending a text. Plus I removed the bug.

MARLY: All right. Put it back in and turn on the phone. They don't know that we know about the bug. As of this instant, we are ahead of them. We need to keep it that way. Understand? Find my real phone and track it.

LADY: Already did. As of about 20 minutes ago, it's in New York City.

MARLY: Good. I wanna cut 'em off at the knees. They got power? Cut it. They got phones, electricity, water? Cut it. Squeeze 'em out. I want 'em to feel our presence. And get me an airplane!

(WIRE TO NETWORK SPARKS OUT)

LADY: The firewall's down.

(NOBODIES APARTMENT)

XION: Do they know about this?

AXEL: They who?

XION: "They," "them," whoever we're working for.

DEMYX: Who are we working for? And are we prepared to go to jail for them?

AXEL: Stop being paranoid.

DEMYX: It really does happen.

AXEL: It happened to you. Doesn't mean it's gonna happen to us.

ROXAS: Guys, I don't know if can do this, all right. I don't want to go to jail, you know?

AXEL: Then don't screw up. You're always talking about wanting to be treated like an adult. Now might be a good time to start acting like one. Stick to the plan. Stay here and burn it all.

(TIRES SCREECHING)

DEMYX: I don't know what I'm doing here.

AXEL: I don't know what you would do anywhere else.

DEMYX: I'm here for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. That's it. Then I'm gone.

XION: You can do whatever you want when this is over, Demyx. But until then, you stick to the plan.

AXEL: Hey, guys? Uh... They're here.

(FBI AGENTS SCOUR THE BUILDINGS AND STREETS WHILE CHOPPERS HOVER OVER IN SEARCH OF THE NOBODIES)

EVANS: My guys are ready to go.

MARLY: Let's do this quickly...

EVANS: Uh. No.

MARLY: What?

EVANS: She doesn't have jurisdiction here.

MARLY: She's Interpol. She's with me.

EVANS: She stays.

LARXENE: What? What?

MARLY: Stay in the car. Let's go.

DEMYX: Okay. Let's do it.

AGENTS: *BARGE INTO BUILDING* FBI!

DEMYX: Ladies first.

GUARDS: Don't move!

(SCREAMING)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

LUXORD: Tell me. Is my money being well-spent?

ZEXION: Exceedingly well. (CAMERA CLICKING) Now you tell me, how do you like your Nobodies? Fricasseed or fried?

LUXORD: Shredded.

ZEXION: I'll tell the Chef.

(AN AGENT CREAKS THE DOOR OPEN TO FIND HIMSELF KICKED ON THE BACK BY ROXAS THEN YANKED BY HIS TIE INTO THE DISPOSAL)

(GRUNTING)

(DISPOSAL WHIRRING)

AGENT 2: Freeze!

LEON: Marluxia!

(ROXAS CONTINUES TO TAKE OUT THE OTHER AGENTS)

(WHIRRING)

MALURXIA: Hold on! Oh, you little... Come here!

OFFICER: Five is clear. Standing by for six.

MARLY: You little shit!

ROXAS: (IMITATING) You little shit!

MARLY: What game are you playing?

ROXAS: What game are you playing?

LEON: We're all good at six. Move to seven.

MARLY: Copy that. Going to seven. Go, go, go!

AGENT IN DISPOSAL: No, no, no, no, no. Go back!

(ROXAS RUNS THROUGH HALLWAY)

AGENT: Hey!

MARLUXIA: Come here!

(GRUNTING)

(BOTH CRASH OUT OF WINDOW)

ROXAS: Ah!

MARLY: Come here!

ROXAS: All right, whoa, hold on, hold on!

(PICKS OUT PLAYING CARDS)

MARLY: Really?

ROXAS: Yup.

(FLICKS PLAYING CARDS TOWARDS HIM)

MARLY: Ow! Oh, you... Ow! You little... (YELLING)

(GRUNTS)

MARLY: Shit!

(MARLUXIA YELLING)

MARLY: Shit!

(PANTING)

MARLY: Give me that!

(GROANS)

(CAR LOCK CHIRPS)

FULLER: All units, cover the north exit now!

MARLY: Clear on Evan.

FULLER: Block every possible exit.

(ROXAS GETS INTO A RED PRIUS AND SCREECHES OFF)

MARLY: Hey! Get back... Shit.

LARXENE: FBI. Sort of. I need your car. Thanks.

GUY: What? Stop! Stop!

(GRUNTS)

GUARD: Hey!

(GROANING)

(HANDCUFFS CLICKING)

MARLY: Good. Follow him!

LARXENE: Don't ever tell me to stay in the car. Ever.

MARLY: I didn't have tactical command.

LARXENE: If you don't trust me, just tell me. Promise me, next time, you will back me up.

MARLY: Could we have this conversation later, please?

LARXENE: No!

MARLY: Okay, fine, I promise. Now, go!

(TIRES SQUEALING)

AGENT 1: Whoa! Where'd they go?

AGENT 2: Where are they?

AGENT 1: I don't know. She just took some guy's car.

AGENT 2 *YELLS* Where are they?

AGENT 1: That way. That way.

AGENT 2: Is that your car?

AGENT 1: Yeah.

AGENT 2: Let's go.

(GRUNTS)

(TRUCK BACKS UP WHILE BEEPING)

(BRAKES SQUEAL)

MARLY: Whoa! There he is!

(PEOPLE RUSH OUT OF THE WAY AS THEY CRASH INTO BOXES AND OTHER STUFF)

(SIRENS WAILING)

MARLUXIA: Move!..... Left!.... We're heading east on the FDR Drive.

LARXENE: This is not east.

MARLY: North! North! We're heading north on the FDR Drive.

LARXENE: What?

MALE NEWSCASTER: We're coming to you live above the FDR, where NYPD and federal agents, as you now see, are engaged in a high-speed pursuit, following a red hatchback.

MARLUXIA: Fuller, where are you?

LEON: Right here. Trying to catch up to you now.

NEWSCASTER: We're now trying to get you a better shot.

ROXAS: Come on!

(TRUCK HORNS AS LARXENE SWIPES OUT OF THE WAY)

MARLY: Whoa!

LARXENE: Sorry.

LEON: Whoa!

NEWSCASTER: It looks like they're turning onto the 59th Street Bridge. As soon as we have them within range, we will bring you those pictures live.

MARLY: Good. Just stay with him.

(SIRENS WAILING)

MARLY: Go, go, go!

(YELLS)

MARLY: Behind... You're behind the bus!

MARLY: Get over!

ROXAS: Ha-ha!

(PRIUS CATCHES STRAY WALL TO THE SIDE AND FLIPS

WILDLY ONTO THE BRIDGE)

MARLY: Oh, shit!

(THE ROLLING CONTINUES; SOUNDS OF METAL EVERYWHERE SOUNDING LIKE A METAL CONTRAPTOR)

LEON: Uh-oh!

(NARROWLY EVADES THE DAMAGED HATCHBACK AS HE GETS OUT IN HURRY; SEEING THE VEHICLE FLAMING WITH A START)

MARLY: Come here!

LEON: Get back! Get back! Marluxia, let's go, man!

MARY: Come on, you...

FULLER: Come on, man! Get out!

MARLUXIA: He's gonna die in here.

LEON: Leave him! There's nothing you can do!

AGENT 1: Let's go! Leave him!

MARLY: The paper!

FULLER: Malurxia!

MARLY: Let's go! Let's go! Come on!

(THE BURNING PRIUS ENGULFS ITSELF INTO EXPLODING

FLAMES AS THE FBI RETREAT BACK TO THIER CARS IN HURRY)

NEWSCASTER: Today, the unfolding story of a popular and controversial group of magicians, who have been fast capturing the public's imagination, took a dark turn when a police action that began in Chinatown developed into a dramatic, high-speed chase across the 59th Street Bridge, which caused a fatal collision that took the life of Roxas Hendericks, one of the so-called Four Nobodies. The whereabouts ot the other three Nobodies remain unknown at this time.

FULLER: Malurxia, they just figured out what the paper was in Roxas's car.

MARLY: So they know what it is?

LEON: And why the kid died trying to protect it. Evans is on his way to brief us right now.

MARLY: Let's go. You're gonna wanna take this first, though.

LEON: What's that?

MARLY: Your friend Zexion Novello.

ZEXION: Rhodes. You do understand the function of the

magician's assistant, don't you, Agent Rhodes?

MARLY: Yeah, she's there to distract them while he sets up the trick.

ZEXION: (CHUCKLES) You'd be right if you weren't so wrong. While you're watching the magician, that lovely innocent is actually pulling the strings. Don't you find it peculiar that Interpol would send you a first timer off the desk to be your assistant? Why did she request to be put on the case?

MARLY: She was assigned to the case.

ZEXION: Oh. Luck of the draw. Like choosing a random card in the deck.

MARLY: I find it odd, your sudden act of generosity. What's in it for you?

ZEXION: Just trying to even the game. I feel like I'm playing with somebody wearing ankle weights and flippers. Keep up, Agent Rhodes. Keep up.

FULLER: Hey. We got a problem.

COWAN: Here's the safe.

MARLY: No, no, no. Hey. What's he doing here?

EVANS: Giving us our first solid lead.

COWAN: We've been investigating a private security contractor called Elkhorn for the last five years.

MARLY: And?

LARXENE: They've been hiding close to a half billion dollars...

MARLY: I didn't ask you. I asked him.

COWAN: The money's in a vault inside a warehouse in Queens.

EVANS: We think this vault is your magicians' final target.

COWAN: The magician who died on the bridge... You pulled our classified Elkhorn file right from his crispy little hand. And despite their bullshit Robin Hood razzle-dazzle, your magicians are nothing more than common thieves.

MARLY: How did they get the file?

COWAN: This is the part you're gonna find particularly interesting, Agent Rhodes. They patched to my server after they accessed your mobile command center in New Orleans with codes they got from your phone.

MARLY: You ordered us all out to chase after them.

COWAN: The level of incompetence displayed on this case,

that's a magic trick in and of itself. Abracadabra. I'm taking over.

MARLY: Boss, he's taking over?

EVANS: Let's go, gentlemen.

MARLUXIA: Hey. Hey. I want to have a word with you.

LARXENE: Don't ever talk to me like that again.

MARLY: Why the hell did you take this case?

LARXENE: What?

MARLY: People say I'm "hard to read." That's an Ame:rican expression. Do you understand it?

LARXENE: Yes.

MARLY: Good, then let me make myself perfectly clear to you. If I find out that you are anything other than who you say you are, I swear...

LARXENE: And we French also have an expression. (SPEAKING FRENCH) "Faith can move mountains." If we hope to capture The Nobodies, then you need to have a little faith in me. Because I've done nothing to deserve otherwise.

MARLY: I just got my ass handed to me. I am losing this case. So faith is a luxury I don't have any time for right

now.

(SIRENS WAILING OUTSIDE; WAREHOUSE AT 5 POINTZ)

AXEL: More than anything in his life, Roxas wanted to be the most famous magician who ever lived. And I can't say he achieved it, but I do hope wherever he is, it is full of magic. But the point is *CLEARS THROAT* Sorry. The point is...

DEMYX: The point of why we are here is to say that we are not... We cannot quit now. We've started something bigger than all of us. We have to finish it.

(SIRENS WAILING)

AGENT *THOUGH WALKIE-TALKIE*: Approaching the warehouse. Units 5 and 6 cover the north and south entrances. We are going for the vault.

MARLY: Hey. Where's the safe? Where's the safe?

EVANS: What is this?

(THEY STAND IN AN EMPTY LARGE FEATURELESS ROOM)

MARLY: Where the hell is the goddamn safe?

AGENT: We just moved it while you were outside. Evans' orders.

COWAN: What?

EVANS: I never said that.

AGENT: Sir, you got a phone call and said Washington wants the safe moved.

EVANS: You never heard that come out of my mouth, Agent.

COWAN: What happened?

MARLY: What happened? You tell me what's going on, because this is bullshit!

COWAN: Nooooo...

(CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS WHILE COWAN HOLDS INVISIBLE VIOLIN)

MARLY: Jesus Christ.

EVANS: Sir? Sir? What are you doing?

MARLY: I think it's Beethoven's Concerto in D-Major. Where's the safe?

ROXAS: His team is loading the truck.

(THE TRUCK ESCAPES AS A FEW AGENTS NOTICE THE STRANGE ORDER)

AGENTS CLAMORING: Hey! Hey! Hey!

MARLUXIA: - Stop the truck!

- Stop!

- Stop!

- Hey! Stop that truck!

(MARLUXIA AND FULLER CONTINUE YELLING)

EVANS: What the hell's going on? We got our orders.

MARLY: Now you've got new orders. Open it up. Okay. Here's what I want. At this moment, they think that safe's leaving this site. So we stay with it. We follow it all the way to... Where's it going?

AGENT: 5 Pointz. Up the street.

MARLY: So we go to 5 Pointz. Wherever the safe goes, we go. It'll lead us right to 'em.

EVANS: You two are with me.

(POLICE CARS GO FOR THE DESTINATION AS MARLY GETS A MESSAGE FROM HIS WORKMATES)

LEON: Guys... Look. Office just called with this. The Nobodies posted it to YouTube 20 minutes ago.

DEMYX: The point of why we're here is to say that we are not... We cannot quit now. We've started something bigger than all of us. We have to finish it.

XION: Remember the name Roxas Hendericks when you see us live, 5 Pointz, Queens, 7:00.

LEON: Their show is in a half an hour. It's exactly where we're headed.

MARLY: I don't know, boss. I don't wanna be the naysayer, but these guys are kinda tricky.

EVANS: Rhodes, they're entertainers.

NEWSCASTER 1: A stunning turnout here in 5 Pointz as the renegade Nobodies taunt the FBI into a final showdown.

NEWSCASTER 2: The Nobodies have invited us to their final round of their three-act face-off with the FBI. What do they have in store? We're about to find out.

(CROWD CHEERING)

(SIRENS WAILING)

COWAN: All eyes on the truck. Let's see who approaches.

MARLY: Copy that.

FEMALE FBI AGENT; Agents Rhodes, Fuller?

MARLY: Go, for us.

LADY: We've got movement. Someone's walking toward

the truck. It's a woman.

FULLER: - Freeze!

XION: Oh, shit!

(GUNS COCKING)

ZEXION: What the hell's going on?

COWAN: Hey! It's the guy from the TV. Put your guns down.

MARLY: Look who it is. The fifth Nobody.

ZEXION: Are you kidding? I'm following them, just like you are.

MARLY: I'm not following anybody anymore. You've been ahead of us this whole time. But guess what? I'm ahead of you now. Your ass is mine.

ZEXION: You guys are still idiots.

MARLY: Yeah?

ZEXION: This happens to be the former rehearsal space for Saix Tsukino. It's where I did my first show. Now, if you wanna look like even bigger idiots, why not open it? And while you're doing it, Agent Rhodes, would you mind reenacting your look of absolute befuddlement for me? It will make a wonderful cover for my DVD.

MARLY: Open the safe.

COWAN: Go ahead.

MARLUXIA: - Open it.

(BEEPS)

(NUMBER PADS POP OUT LIKE A SURPISE)

AGENT: - What the hell?

MARLY: What? Give me that.

(TUGS ON COLORED ROPE THAT NEVER ENDS)

MARLY: No. No!

(LOCK TUMBLERS MOVING)

EVANS: What is this?

(CLUNKING)

MARLY: - Get back!

(BALLOONS SQUEAKING)

ZEXION: Who doesn't love a good magic trick? They have you chasing empty safes again. Once again, misdirection.

(NIGHT VIEW OF 5 POINTS BUILDING HUMMING WITH LIGHTS FADING ON AND OFF AS CROWDS CHEER IN

EXCITEMENT)

LADY: The show is starting. Move out!

ZEXION: The question I'd be asking now, Agent Rhodes is... "What happened to the real one?"

(BLUE LIGHTS PULSE ON THE WALLS OF THE BUILDING; GIVING OUT A FADING FURISTIC SOUND)

(SIRENS BLARING)

COWAN: Clear! Clear 'em out! Come on. Move 'em out. Move 'em out of the way. FBI! Give me a path! Clear out! Clear out!

AXEL: What is magic? Magic is deception. But deception designed to delight, to entertain, to inspire.

COWAN: Look out! Clear! Clear! Look out!

AXEL: It is about belief.

DEMYX: Faith.

XION: Trust.

(CROWD CHEERING)

DEMYX: Without those qualities, magic, as an an' form, we would no longer exist.

XION: But what happens if these qualities are not used for

their higher purpose? And instead they're used to cheat, lie.

AXEL: For personal gain or for greed. Then it's no longer magic.

DEMYX: It's crime.

XION: So tonight, for our final act, you're gonna help us set a few things right.

EVANS: What's going on here, Rhodes?

MARLY: I don't know.

DEMYX: Showtime.

(THE THREE APPEAR ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING)

CROWD: Look!

(LIGHT BLUE LINES STREAK THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE WAREHOUSE)

MARLY: There they are on the roof. Let's move!

AGENTS: Go, go, go!

LARXENE: Marluxia!

AGENTS: FBI, coming through!

MARLUXIA: What are you doing here?

LARXENE: They're going in the wrong direction and you know it.

COWAN: Rhodes! I need all personnel now!

LARXENE: You need to trust me. Take your leap of faith.

MARLY: I'm going to go with her. Go. I got your back. I'll be right here.

LEON: Go ahead!

MARLY: That's on you, Fuller.

(CLIMBS STAIRS)

Let's go, let's go! Now, now, now!

(THE THREE NOBODIES TAKE THE ELEVATOR)

DEMYX: Axel?

AXEL: Yeah?

DEMYX: Uh... As our, let's call it, year of living dangerously comes to a close, in a rare moment of vulnerability, I'd like to express a sentiment to you about our relationship.

AXEL: Okay.

DEMYX: Well, when I first met you, I thought you were kind of a.....dick.

AXEL: (LAUGHS) Oh.

XION: (LAUGHS) And?

DEMYX: No, that's it.

AXEL: That's very nice.

DEMYX: Yeah.

AXEL: I'm touched.

DEMYX: Yeah. Just from the heart.

AXEL: Well, I didn't tell you where I was touched.

DEMYX: Oh. you! (CHUCKLING)

XION: Oh, God. What are we gonna do when this is over?

AXEL: We're on our own. Our instructions run out after the show.

XION: Even if there is no "XIII," if we were completely played and we spend the next 20 years in jail, then, I just want to say that...

AXEL: I know. Me, too.

DEMYX: Whoa. (LAUGHS SOFTLY) Little too sentimental for me.

(CHEERING)

MARLY: There they are! Go grab 'em! Put 'em down! Go, go, go! Grab 'em!

(THE AGENTS TACKLE THE NOBODIES ONLY TO KNOW THEY ARE DUMMIES)

(CROWD GROANS)

(CROWD LAUGHING)

MARLY: Get up! What the hell? Ah, shit!

(PANTING)

(THE PROJECTIONS ON THE WALLS PULSE INTO A LIVE SCREEN WITH XION ON IT)

XION: - Hello, New York! (CROWD CHEERING) Thank you for the magic.

(THE REAL NOBODIES RUN THROUGH A PARKING GARAGE)

XION: And thank you for being such an incredible and dedicated audience. Unfortunately, like all good things, it must come to an end.

AXEL: So we would like to start our show tonight... By saying goodbye.

(CHEERING)

XION: All we wanted was to bring the world to a magic show.

AXEL: And thereby bring a little magic back to the world.

MARLUXIA: Clear the way!

(SKYLIGHTS TURN ON FOLLOWED BY A FUTURISTIC PROJECTION PULSE SOUND)

DEMYX: This has been one hell of a ride for all of us. But it's time for us to disappear.

AXEL: Good night, New York.

DEMYX: And thank you for believing in us.

MARLUXIA: Stop!

Freeze!

LARXENE: - No!

(GUNSHOT)

(SONIC BOOM IS HEARD ECHOING THE SKIES ALONG WITH THE FOUR NOBODIES LOGO PROJECTING THE NIGHT SKY WHILE ENDLESS AMOUNTS OF MONEY RAINING ON THE CROWD)

MARLY: God damn it!

(THE REAL NOBODIES CONTINUE TO RUN THROUGH THE PARKING GARAGE)

LARXENE: I'm sorry.

MARLY: You were right. It's bigger than all of us.

LARXENE: This is one time I'm not happy being right.

MARLY: So I guess this is it.

LARXENE: Is it?

(THE TWO STARE AT EACH OTHER IN SILENCE AND KISS; LARXENE LATER LEAVES)

LEON: Marluxia! Marluxia! Marluxia!

MARLY: Hey.

LEON: You see that?

(MARLUXIA GRABS THE MONEY AND FEELS IT AS FAKE)

MARLY: What? Where's the real money?

(CAR ALARM BLARING)

(ZEXION'S SUV EXPLODES WITH THE REAL CURRENCY)

MAN: You're under arrest!

Hands in the air! Now!

(CAMERA PANS AROUND NYC TIMES SQUARE; THE THREE NOBODIES WATCH THE CROWD AS THE SCREENS PORTRAY THE RAINING MONEY)

(GUARD LEADS ZEXION TO JAIL CELL)

ZEXION: I've been framed.

MARLY: I'm sure you were.

ZEXION: Yeah, but I can prove it. I always do. Just like I predicted that you'd play the fool.

MARLY: Let's just drop the theatricality, all right? The cameras aren't rolling in here. Fellas, can I have a few minutes with my friend here alone, please.

GUARD: Sure. (SLIDES THE BARS CLOSED FOLLOWED BY A BANG FROM THE ENDBARS)

ZEXION: All right. I got information to trade.

MARLY: Mmm.

ZEXION: I believe that's how it's done. Huh?

MARLY: If it's of some value.

ZEXION: These bars give a man time to think. And I'm pretty sure I know how they did it. Remember the rabbit trick in the second show? The box was never empty. (WHIRRING) The room wasn't either. After gaining access to the warehouse, The Nobodies left the real safe and transformed the whole room into a giant rabbit box. You go charging in there, thinking the safe was already gone.

Hey!

Hey! Stop!

ZEXION: Missing the trick. Again. Which was to make you think the safe had already been stolen, so you'd drop your guard and leave. Now, while you were busy playing with balloon animals, someone was breaking into the warehouse.

(ROXAS FLIPS OVER AND SWINGS THE MALLET TOWARDS THE "WALL" WHICH SHATTERS DOWN WITH A CRASH REVEALING THE REAL SAFE AT THE END; FLAMES IT WITH A SUCCESS AND SMIRK)

MARLY: Who?

ZEXION: Roxas Hendericks.

ROXAS: Holy shit.

MARLY: No. No way. He died right in front of my eyes.

ZEXION: Unless, of course, he didn't.

XION: It's locked.

ROXAS: Weren't you listening? Nothing's ever locked.

DEMYX: Ah!

XION: Well done, Mr. Hendricks! Good work.

DEMYX: You're a big boy now, Roxas.

ZEXION: He escaped in a standard hatchback vehicle, right? Led you to the bridge. Where the other Nobodies

were waiting with an identical replacement car. It only took a split second for you to lose contact with it and make the switch.

(AXEL FLICKS SWITCH FROM CITY BUS'S CONTROLS; RELEASING THE CLONE PRIUS FROM IT'S TOWING HATCH AS ROXAS LOST CONTROL OF THE OTHER PRIUS)

(DEMYX LAUGHS)

- Oh!

(LAUGHS)

ZEXION: When you crawled into that burning car, quite heroically, I might add, you almost died trying to rescue what I assume was a cadaver from the morgue.

MARLUXIA: Why go through such an elaborate and dangerous plan just to frame one guy?

ZEXION: I don't know.

MARLUXIA: They never kept any of the money they took.

ZEXION: Yeah, that's the part I haven't been able to put together yet. But I just gave you information that is substantially more important.

MARLUXIA: No. Not really.

ZEXION: What?

MARLUXIA: I finally got a chance to really look into Saix Tsukino. His comeback attempt. His accident. The insurer who denied the family's claim?

ZEXION: Tressier Insurance.

MARLUXIA: The bank that carried the note?

ZEXION: Credit Republican of Paris.

XIGBAR: Credit Republicain de Paris.

MARLUXIA: What do you make of that?

ZEXION: A sucker is born every minute.

(THE 4 NOBODIES SHOW UP INFRONT OF THE GATES OF SUGAR SAND PARK AT MIDNIGHT)

DEMYX: What if all this was just leading up to us getting mugged in Sugar Sand Park at 2:00 a.m.?

AXEL: No, I'm telling you, we're right where we need to be. We just have to find...

XION: That?

AXEL: The Saix Tsukino tree.

XION: And the card encased in glass.

DEMYX: What do we do now?

(THE NOBODIES PLACE THIER TAROT CARDS AROUND THE TREE THAT ACTIVATES THE CAROUSEL TO LIFE)

DEMYX: Oh, nice!

(CAROUSEL MUSIC PLAYING)

MARLUXIA: So, here's my new theory. The legend is that the "Eye" is everywhere. Waiting for the truly great magicians to distinguish themselves from the mediocre ones. Maybe that was you. Deep down inside you wanted nothing more than to be part of the "Eye," but you were never invited. So you try to destroy them. But instead what happens? You pissed them off.

ZEXION: *WHISPERS* The Eye isn't real.

MALURXIA: Okay, then, explain then. Who's behind all this?

ZEXION: Somebody with an obsession. Meticulous.

MARLUXIA: Who?

ZEXION: Somebody prepared to sacrifice everything. Somebody so prepared to lose that they wouldn't even be a suspect until the trick was done.

MARLUXIA: I don't want a profile. I need a name. Who?

Who?

ZEXION: I don't know who. But they had to have access to the warehouse to plant the mirrors. Always a step ahead of me. And the FBI. Got past them not once, not twice, but consistently. Almost as if they were on the in...

MARLUXIA: (WHISPERING) The inside.

ZEXION: You.

MARLUXIA: Mmm.

ZEXION: Why?

MARLUXIA: That is the question, isn't it? You're right. I can't tell you how long I've waited to see the look on your face.

ZEXION: Who are you? What do you want from me?

MARLUXIA: What do I want? I want you to spend the rest of your life in this cell, staring at four walls and wondering how you missed it. How you let yourself be so blinded by your ego that you convinced yourself that you were one step ahead when you were always two steps behind.

ZEXION: Marluxia? Wait a minute. Marluxia! How did this happen?

(AUDIENCE CHEERING)

(PEOPLE SCREAMING IN HAPPINESS)

ZEXION: *YELLS IN AGONY* Marluxia! Why? Why?

DEMYX: - Oh, my God.

(ROXAS CHUCKLES)

DEMYX: I did not see that coming. That's impossible!

ROXAS: No way.

AXEL: That was actually pretty good.

DEMYX: Thank you.

AXEL: When I said, "Always be the smartest guy in the room."

DEMYX: We were in agreement.

AXEL: Okay. Right.

ROXAS: Xion. I've never seen her speechless.

DEMYX: I take that as a huge compliment.

ROXAS: Hey, man, I'm so sorry for kicking your ass. Really.

DEMYX: Hey, listen, for the record, I have always been a 100% believer. And the amount of energy I have expended

to keep these infidels on point...

(XION LAUGHS)

AXEL: Demyx, you're in.

DEMYX: God bless.

MARLUXIA: Come. The real magic is taking four strong solo acts and making them all work together. And that's exactly what you did. So welcome. (MARLUXIA STANDS BEHIND THE ROTATING CAROUSEL) Welcome to the XIII.

(XION GASPS AS SHE GRABS THE POLE; AXEL, ROXAS, AND DEMYX DOING THE SAME; SMILES OF JOY AND LAUGHTER ON THIER FACES.)

(LARXENE WALKS ON THE BRIDGE, TAKING A SEAT ON THE WOODEN BENCH WHILE FLIPPING THE NEWSPAPER OPEN. FINDS PAGE TITLED "TRAPPED IN A WATERY GRAVE" CONCERNING TSUKINO'S MAGICAL DEATH)

MARLUXIA: It was all connected. Credit Republican. Tressier Insurance. Bonjour.

LARXENE: Bonjour. And Elkhorn? What's the connection to Tsukino?

MARLUXIA: Elkhorn started as a safe manufacturer. They

used cheap steel. They cut corners. When he got to the bottom of the river, the safe warped. And he was trapped.

LARXENE: He was your father.

MARLUXIA: The morning before the show didn't feel like any other day. When my father said he had to go to work, he could see that I didn't want him to leave. So he gave me his watch, and he told me to count the seconds until he came back. I have never let his watch stop since then. And from that moment on, I created a persona. I planned. I worked out every detail. But the one thing that I couldn't imagine happening was you.

(LARXENE SMILES BUT NODS IN DEEP UNDERSTANDING FOR MARLY TO CONTINUE)

MARLUXIA: And I know that the logical conclusion for you is to take this case to its resolution. And for you to turn me in.

LARXENE: Yeah. But you know how I feel about resolution and logic. And you also know that I think some things are best left unexplained.

MARLUXIA: One more secret to lock away.

(MARLY THROWS THE LOCK AND KEY INTO THE SIENE RIVER AS THE CAMERA HOVERS FORWARD OVER THE SEA BED)

MALURXIA: Come in close. Closer.

AXEL: Because now you know our secret.

DEMYX: We're Firebirds of Magic. We could be anywhere. Watching you.

XION: We're looking for someone to help us with our next trick.

ROXAS: On the count of three, open your eyes, and tell me what you see.

DEMYX: One, two.....

BONUS SCENE:

(VAN DRIVES THROUGH NEVADA DESERT WASTELAND)

AXEL: Please, stop, stop, stop. All right, stop the van. Stop the van. I'm gonna jump out of the van.

Oh, thank God.

XION: Oh wow....where are we?

(DEMYX GRUNTS IN RELIEF AS VAN DOOR BANGS SHUT)

AXEL: Great, another shit hole.

DEMYX: Okay, feeling it.

AXEL: I'm exhausted, and hungry, and cranky.

(DEMYX STRETCHES)

XION: Check out this place.

(THE NOBODIES APPROACH CIRCUS TENT WITH MAGIC PROPS AND LETTERS)

DEMYX: Where'd you bring us?

AXEL: Was there no landfill where we were?

ROXAS: This place is awesome.

(THE NOBODIES ENTER INSIDE; XION GASPING WITH EXCITEMENT)

XION: Is this our new gear?

AXEL: There'd better not be, like, matching jumpsuits in there. You know I don't wear spandex.

ROXAS: It's locked.

XION: Guys, the cards.

DEMYX: What card?

AXEL: Sorry. What do you mean, "what card"?

(DEMYX PATS HIS POCKETS WITH A SNIFFING INHALE)

DEMYX: Hmm.....Okay.

(UPBEAT SONG "ENTERTAINMENT" STARTS PLAYING)

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)